

SERMONS
1865-1932

DRAWER 4A PREACHER INFLUENCES

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Abraham Lincoln and religion

Sermons
1865-1932

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

A SERMON,

DELIVERED IN THE

Church of the Covenant

On Sunday Evening, April 16th, 1865,

BY THE

Rev. William T. Sabine,

I am about to utter sentiments which some of my auditors may consider unwise, illjudged, inappropriate, extreme. I cannot help it. I have no apology to make for it. A full heart must overflow—a saddened spirit must tell its tale of grief. Nor, I am bold to say, do I think the sentiments to be announced unbecoming, at such a time, either in this house of prayer or from this sacred desk. The hand of God is in this heavy judgment, and whatever helps us to feel its smart helps us to an appreciation of our sin, and of His inflexible determination to punish it.

To speak, then, as I wish to speak to-night of some of the many traits of excellence which adorned the character of our departed chief, may lead us to reflect somewhat upon the severity of our bereavement; and looking up from our bereavement to an acknowledgment of the justice of God in its infliction, and a consequent determination that we, as members of this nation, will seek to regulate our conduct more conformally to his holy will and the precepts of his righteous law.

Having this for an end sincerely, applause or censure matters not.

"The Land Mourneth."

Joel, 1: 10.

On her day of greatest joy, the nation bows her head in deepest grief. Not over a dishonored flag; not over a defeated army; not over a navy dismantled, scattered or destroyed; not over a rebellion triumphant; but over her dear, dead President, the nation sheds her bitter tears! The man whom she hath loved as she never loved another man, save one; the man to whom she owed a debt of gratitude which every rolling year of all her coming history will only make more manifest; the

man who hath done more than any man to purge her of iniquity, to vindicate her honor, to render her name lustrous among the people of the earth, LIES DEAD! and dead, not by disease, not through the infirmities of age, but murdered in cold blood by the hand of a vile assassin. Oh, land bereaved, well mayest thou mourn with a lamentation loud and sore!

The land mourneth because she hath lost a son in whom she felt a special pride. Yes, I do not exaggerate; I do, in no sense, strain a point, when I say that the loyal men and women of these United States were honestly proud of their late President. The genius of American institutions was never better illustrated than in his life and career. No higher eulogy could be pronounced upon them, no more exalted testimony could be given to their beneficence and excellence than that accorded in his history. Sprung from no royal line, without one drop of regal blood, unversed entirely in the sophistries, the intrigues, the hollow, heartless etiquette of courts. Uncouth, some said he was, but better be uncouth and honest, than polished and a knave. A man of the people, lowly in his origin, humble in his home, and that a western wilderness home, possessed of few educational advantages; gifted, perhaps, with no very sparkling or transcendent talents; owing nothing of his after greatness to the fictitious power of wealth or family prestige; winning, by the toil of his own hands, an epithet which, though mean and low, and sordid minds may have held it to be a fit subject for reproach, was a title truly glorious; he was a self-made, self-educated, self-elevated man. He was a product of America peculiarly American. Is Switzerland proud of her patriot race? Is Holland proud of her thrifty sons? Well, we are prouder still of our self-made men, and he was one of them, and one of the very noblest of them all. He struggled up from a position the most obscure to a station the most exalted, he triumphed over difficulties the greatest, and proved himself a victor over obstacles which most men had not even dared to face; and we respected, we honored, we loved him not merely for this, the inherent nobility of his own character—but because his whole career has furnished a commentary so illustrious upon our institutions and laws.

The land mourneth because she hath lost a "Father!" They called him "father" in a way of pleasantry, but by and by it will appear that he had a better title to the epithet than the witticism of any joke could ever give.

He cherished, beyond all things the welfare of the people over whom the arrangements of a gracious Providence had placed him. To see this people prosperous, united, peaceful, happy; to behold this government firmly established upon principles of integrity and justice and right, was the intensest wish of his great soul. To this end he devoted himself with a steady purpose and an unswerving aim. He has had bitter and unprincipled enemies—men who have intensely hated him, not so much for himself perhaps, as because they hated what was just and good; and because he was, they consciously felt, the representative of what was just and good. Yet, differ as they may from him on questions of State policy, they can never asperse the integrity of his motives, or impugn the sincerity of his wish to do that which was right. They may call him fanatical, extreme, injudicious if they will, they can never say that he was intentionally dishonest. After years will thoroughly establish his claim to be called "Pater Patriæ," and will enshrine his name on the same tablet with that of the first occupant of the position he has so nobly filled.

The land mourneth because she has lost a wise Governor. It is neither my purpose, right, nor wish to discuss questions of policy here, which properly belong to the halls of legislation and the council chamber of the Cabinet. Yet I should do very wrong to omit in this connection all reference to a cause of grief so prominent as this. There have been forced upon his attention, and submitted to his investigation, questions the most momentous and absorbing which mortal man, in the merely earthly relations of his being, was ever called upon to solve. Candor must compel the admission, even from those who differed from him on topics of political expediency, that he handled those questions with honesty, clearness and firmness. Fearful as was his responsibility, he did not shrink from or shirk it. All have admired the pointedness, simplicity, absence of wordy declamation, with which he was wont to grasp the main issue involved. All must confess the gentleness and the conciliatory spirit he has ever shown to a traitorous conspiracy, the most diabolical and infamous that ever cursed the earth. With great delight, with growing affection, have the loyal millions of this land watched the calm consistency of his course and unfaltering fidelity to the great principles he was elected to represent and maintain. Whether the darkness of disaster or defeat shrouded the cause in gloom, or the brightness of success tipped the standard with victory, all prop-

positions looking to a surrender of principle and duty found ever, on his lips, the same emphatic negative. Again and again did they ask his terms. Again and again did they receive the same unhesitating answer, till patriot hearts everywhere learned to feel *in that man's hands the country's honor is secure.*

So fully convinced had men become of the sterling integrity of his motives, and the soundness of his judgment, that the intricate and extremely harassing questions which the heaven-given success of our armies were just forcing upon the government for its solution, seemed stripped of half their difficulty, when we remembered that our loved President would have at least some voice in their solution. Alas for the vanity of earthly hopes! That busy brain has ceased to think, that patriot heart has ceased to throb, that faithful life—worth to us ten thousand times the life of the villain who destroyed it—has found its termination in a death of violence. The last two weeks had done much to confirm our confidence. The magnanimity, nay I will go further, and say Christian tenderness, with which he was disposed to treat a fallen foe, the gentleness of his expressions, his willingness to concede all that truth and justice would allow, stamped *him* as the truest friend, which the rebellious South possessed. Oh! Sunny South, land of bright skies and early flowers, and balmy airs, lift up thy voice and weep for thou hast lost thy truest friend.

The land mourneth because she has lost a Christian Patriot. A Christian dying is always a loss, still more a Christian Patriot, in days when political ability is too often divorced from Christianity; still more so, when that Christian patriot, is a Christian President. That this trait was characteristic of our departed ruler, no one can dispute. Granted, unfortunate beyond expression, was the time and the place of his decease; granted, distressing extremely, were the circumstances in which the dark angel found his victim in the hour of the dread summons; yet none who has read the Presidential proclamations of the last two years, can deny to him who issued them, the character of a *God-fearing* man. Oh! bereaved land, well mayest thou mourn. here is thy deepest loss! Thou mayest find Chief Magistrates whose talents are conspicuous, whose loyalty is unquestionable, whose learning is profound, whose devotion is entire, but rarely hast thou ever found before, hardly wilt thou find again, one who will hold thy welfare with an eye so single,

or commit thine interests to the keeping of the *God of Nations* with a dependence so complete, and a trust in His sustaining guidance so simple and sincere.

My fellow Christians *we* have sustained in this dark tragedy, a special loss. We love to trace the hand of Providence in National affairs, to see a connection between National sin and National suffering, between National penitence and National success. That connection our beloved Chief Magistrate was ever foremost to admit. How often have we perused with delight his public acknowledgements of our transgressions *against*, and our gratitude *to God*; with what a thrill of pleasure have we often read and re-read his simple, direct and touching exhortations to penitence and thanksgiving; till with full hearts and unfeigned lips we have been compelled to cry, giving expression to feelings that would have utterance, "God bless that man."

The land mourneth from the pine-eland forests of Maine to the golden-sanded rivers of California, from the bosom of broad lakes, and the surface of wide prairies, from New England farms, and western log-huts, the loyal sisters of this once happy family of states, together chant over their dead chieftain their mournful requiem.

This tribute of affection is as general as it is sincere. It comes not only from the great or the rich—the poor man's heart beats responsive to it too. Go walk through your most crowded streets; go traverse your narrowest alleys, there you shall learn from bits of ribbon, little flags looped up, or deep edged with black crape, how strong a hold the dead patriot had upon the nation's heart. For the narrow muslin banner thrust from the second story of a wooden shanty (and there are many such) is a far more affecting, though not more sincere testimonial to his worth, than the shrouded silken ensign of the millionaire. I might go farther down, and speak of hearts fast throbbing beneath dusky skins; for the poor, despised, down-trodden children of Africa owed him a debt of loving gratitude, such as they never owed to any other of the statesmen of America. Gently, kindly, and judiciously, had he lifted them out of bondage into the golden light of liberty! And had his precious life been spared, he had done much to dissipate the wicked prejudice which now will seek to crush them still. Oh, sons and daughters of Ethiopia! bitter is your bereavement. Well may you mingle your tears with your fair-skinned brothers of the western race.

Majestic is this Nation's grief. Let no

man hereafter dare to say that Republics cannot love their rulers with a love as genuine and heartfelt as that which ever shrouded the members of some royal house. Never has earth known a tribute more solemn, touching, wide-spread, or spontaneous, than that which an affectionate and outraged people offer this day to the memory of their Chief Magistrate.

The land mourneth, but what lesson is there in this mourning? What will *God* teach the nation by this heavy stroke?

First, That we trust not in an arm of flesh, but fix our hope entirely on *Him*! Stunned by the terrible suddenness of the blow we cannot fully, really understand our loss. As little children hardly at first realize the loss of a fond father, but only afterwards; thus we loved him, we honored him, we trusted him so much that, as yet, we scarcely understand the stunning stroke. Ere long, however, we must feel it keenly.

Trust God! trust God! Oh people saved by the Lord, put not your confidence in man! This is the lesson of the hour. The same Jehovah who guided the Pilgrim Fathers in their voyage across the dreary and unknown sea, and sheltered them houseless on these foreign shores,—the same Jehovah who upheld the cause and blessed the arms of the young Republic at the first,—the same Jehovah through whose blessing rebellion totters to its fall,—the same Jehovah who gave us our good President, is *Jehovah Jireh* still! and He is able to save unto the uttermost.

Second, That we bow in deepest humiliation beneath the smiting hand. There is a wise purpose in this stroke. We have needed a further chastisement, God sends it in a way, perhaps the last we should have chosen. Submit we to His will, acknowledge we His sovereignty, confess we the wisdom of His way, turn we from the sin which hath justly drawn upon us this frightful punishment as its penalty!

Third, That we learn here the shortness of life, the nearness of death, the vanity of human hope. Oh! it is awful to think of one thus surrounded by friends and in the very midst of gaiety, hurried into a few hours unconsciousness, and then into the audience chamber of the Eternal Judge. Who guessed a week ago, when the wires were pulsating with the glad news of victory, that to-night our beloved ruler would be a corpse? And who shall say that ere another week flits by, you or I, my Christless friend, shall not have followed him to the same bourne? Are you ready? Oh fly to *Jesus*, and buried

with *Him*, risen through *Him*, saved by *Him*,
you shall be lifted over all contingency.

Fourth, That we must be true to the
great work through all discouragements.
Truth is immutable; justice is ever the same;
principle knows no change. Men die, *God*
never dies! That which was righteousness
last week is righteousness to-day. The
sentiments, motives, rules of duty held by
our departed "Father," are just as solemnly
binding, just as salutary, just as wise as they
were before the vile act was consummated.
Unwillingly he left the work undone. Sad was
it, that he might not see the full result of all his
noble toil, but so *God* willed it, and we bow be-
fore his inscrutable majesty! But let us, stand-
ing as it were over his body, vow solemnly
that *God* sparing us and helping us, we will
complete the work,—that we will never
compromise with traitors,—that we will
smite the shackles from off every slave,—
that we will toil on through years of
struggling if need be, till we attain an
abiding Union of these States,—that we will
support with money, with sympathy, and
most of all with earnest prayer, the hands of
him on whom now the mighty task devolves.

Oh, faithful, martyred, loved and honored
President! Thou hast not lived, thou hast not
died in vain. Stained with thy blood, dearer
now than ever to us are the mighty princi-
ples for which thy precious life was given.
Embalmed forever is thy memory and thy
example on the tablets of our nation's history,
and in our own grateful loving hearts.

May we like thee, be faithful unto death.

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Sermon cataloged and online

"The Land Mourneeth"

THE DEATH OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

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A SERMON,

DELIVERED IN THE

Church of the Covenant,

On Sunday Evening, April 16th, 1865,

BY

Rev. William T. Sabine, Rector.

PHILADELPHIA:

W. P. ATKINSON, PRINTER, 449 NORTH THIRD STREET.  
1865.



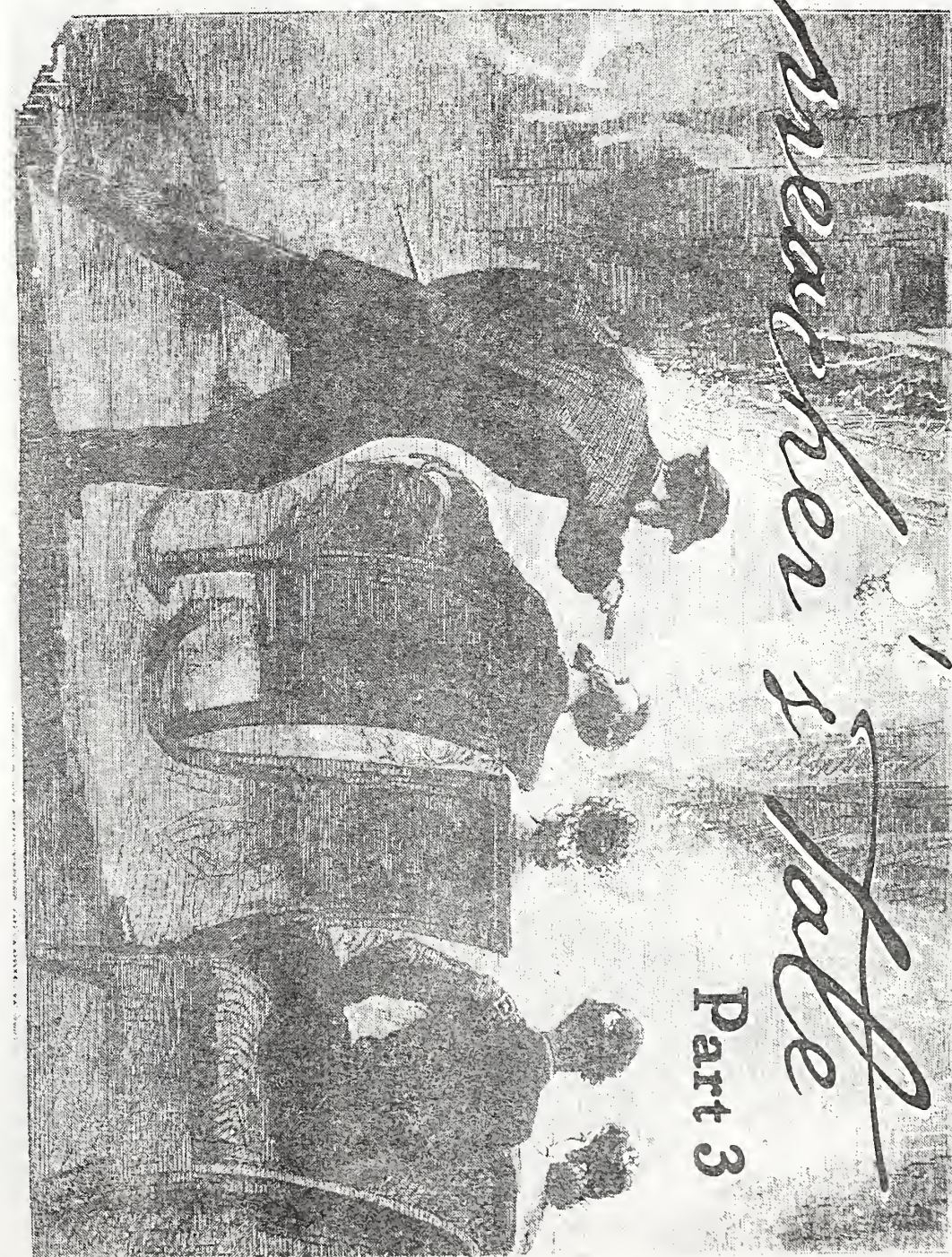
# The Searcher's Tale

Part 3

"Such a mourning  
as this was  
never known!"

Reverend Francis Springer's  
lost discourse on the death  
of Abraham Lincoln

"The Lincoln Assassination," an original  
lithograph published in Harper's Weekly on  
April 29, 1865.



## BY REVEREND FRANCIS SPRINGER

### A DISCOURSE

Delivered at Fort Smith, Ark., by  
Rev. Francis Springer, Post Chaplain, on  
Wednesday, April 19th, 1865, at the  
Funeral Ceremonies in Memory of  
Abraham Lincoln, late President of the  
United States.

On April 15, 1865, President Abraham  
Lincoln died from an assassin's bullet in  
Washington, D.C., just six days after the end of  
the Civil War. Within hours, the tragic news  
reached Fort Smith, Arkansas, and Reverend  
Francis Springer, Lincoln's friend and one-time  
neighbor, who was serving as Post Chaplain at  
the remote outpost.

The following Wednesday, April 19, 1865,

And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God,

violently torn from life by the foulest of  
intrigues—the intrigue of assassination.  
Not a dotard of incompetency, but a man  
of the loftiest genius; not a reckless  
adventurer, inflamed with a desire for  
notoriety; but a citizen of probity, pru-  
dence and honor—a man of exalted  
moral character; of deep religious feel-  
ing, and of proverbial honesty—a man in  
all respects eminently worthy to be the

vengeance of intestine slaughter. The  
plow and the hoe, the anvil and the loom,  
the chisel and the plane began to move  
again, as if peaceful industry and the re-  
union of broken families, would once  
more push aside the tearful array of  
sabres, muskets, and artillery. But, swift  
and sudden, as the dash of the hawk on  
his prey was the distressing change! A  
black cloud now frowns where a clear



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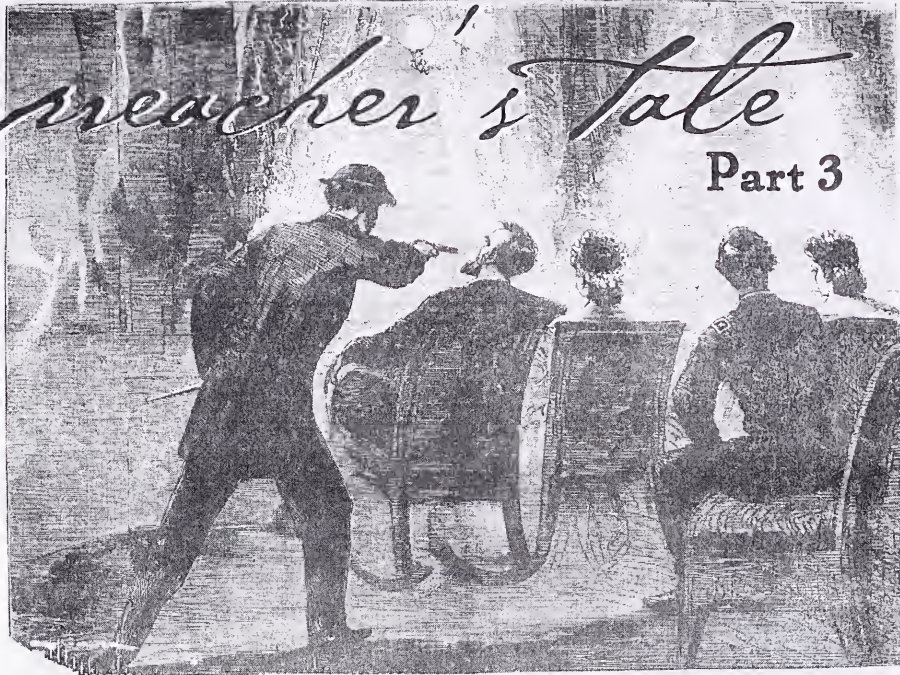
# The preacher's tale

## Part 3

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The following Wednesday, April 19, 1865, Chaplain Springer delivered a passionate eulogy in memory of the late President, which was subsequently printed in the Fort Smith New Era weekly newspaper. In his remarks, Springer not only praised Lincoln for his temperance, generosity, and magnanimity, but he attacked the partisan factions that had conspired to murder Lincoln and simultaneously pull down the government.

These themes alone make Chaplain Springer's eulogy interesting reading 134 years after the assassination. Yet Springer's words have an added dimension, for the Reverend not only knew and admired Lincoln from their early days in Springfield, he felt close enough to his old neighbor to reflect upon his spiritual life, something many contemporary ministers did but few were so well-qualified to do.

Reverend Springer came back to Springfield in 1867, where he continued his work in the Lutheran church and as an educator. He died in this city in 1892 at the age of eighty-two and is buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery.

Reverend Springer's "discourse" in memory of President Lincoln, has not been in print since April 22, 1865, when it first appeared in the Fort Smith New Era. The eulogy was discovered by Illinois Times editor William Furry at the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville, where he was conducting research on Reverend Springer and Civil War refugees.

### A DISCOURSE

Delivered at Fort Smith, Ark., by Rev. Francis Springer, Post Chaplain, on Wednesday, April 19th, 1865, at the Funeral Ceremonies in Memory of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States.

*And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying,*

*Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.*

*Acts 7: 59-60.*

For the deep-felt sorrow of this awful hour, not utterance, but silence is the proper expression; for who can tell the grief he feels!

Such a mourning as this was never known. The like of it is not in history. Besotted and foolish occupants of imperial thrones have fallen under the stroke of assassination; but never a sober, humane and wise President of a nation of voters. Not the will of a single ruler—not the will of a party,—but the will of a numerous, wealthy, powerful and intelligent nation of free people, has been thwarted, and outraged by the poniard and pistol of secret and stealthy assault. Not a tyrant, but a philanthropist and patriot, freely elected by his countrymen, has been foully murdered. Not a usurper but a lawful and constitutional President chosen from among the millions by the millions, has fallen into the crafty snare of partisan hatred and cowardice. Not one thrust upon, but one selected by the people free from the tricks and intrigues of faction has been

violently torn from life by the foulest of intrigues—the intrigue of assassination. Not a dotard of incompetency, but a man of the loftiest genius; not a reckless adventurer, inflamed with a desire for notoriety; but a citizen of probity, prudence and honor;—a man of exalted moral character; of deep religious feeling, and of proverbial honesty;—a man in all respects eminently worthy to be the representative and chief magistrate of the noblest nation of freemen on the globe, extant or historic; and a man, likewise, enshrined with tenderest and most endearing love in the hearts of the millions loyal to the constitution and laws of the United States; a man whom the corrupting appliances of money could not swerve, and whom the dazzling splendors of ambition could not allure, and in whose heart no malice to an enemy was ever cherished; such, my countrymen, was ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whose funeral rites we this day solemnize.

Thousands of noble men, as brave and loyal as MR. LINCOLN, have fallen in this war, but he only of all the numerous hosts of the fallen ones was the representative of the whole nation; and because he was such, and such so well, the nation mourns.

Only a few days ago, shouts of rejoicing by human voices and the roar of a thousand cannon blazed over all the land. It was because the angel of peace had come in sight. We beheld the outline of her heavenly form. It seemed as if God himself was once more drawing near to relieve us from the afflicting

vengeance of intestine slaughter. The plow and the hoe, the anvil and the loom, the chisel and the plane began to move again, as if peaceful industry and the reunion of broken families, would once more push aside the tearful array of sabres, muskets, and artillery. But, swift and sudden, as the dash of the hawk on his prey was the distressing change! A black cloud now frowns where a clear sky then smiled. How true it is, then whilst "Wisdom is better than weapons of war, one sinner destroyeth much good."

The jubilations of exultant hope have all at once given place to the dismal bodings of despair. Where gladness thrilled, terror now reigns. In hearts once joyous with the brightening beams of peace, there is now unutterable grief. Eyes but lately aglow with the dawn of a lovely future are dimmed with tears. Silent but absorbing sorrow oppresses every soul.

Fiends in human shape with no soul but that of Satan, with no affections but those of malice, with no imagination but that of frenzy, with no will but the purpose of murder, and no memory but to treasure up materials for wrath—such fiends, with deadly weapons in hand, strike the President and Secretary of State—two of the worthiest among men.

The Secretary of State was an invalid confined to his bed, an object of compassion rather than of dread. But the hour of his weakness was deemed the fiend's opportunity, as the hour of the Savior's hunger was the Tempter's best chance to say, "Command the stone to be made

bread." With polished and keen-edged blade concealed, a pretense of bringing medicine is made. By this trick of perfidy the villain gains admittance within the sanctities of the sick man's chamber; and instantly thrusts the sharp steel at the heart and throat of the unsuspecting patient. The nurse is alarmed, and an attendant son of the suffering springs to the rescue of his father; but he too, cut and mangled, falls under the assassin's stroke.

Almost at the same moment, a similar deed of devilish ferocity is perpetrated in another part of the city. There is a crowded theater. The President, seeking relaxation from the late heavy cares upon him, is a spectator. He occupies his own private apartment, and is accompanied by his wife and a few friends. Harmless, innocent, and unsuspecting of evil, he quietly enjoys the scene before him, not for an instant fancying that an incarnate demon stood behind him, taking deliberate aim to shoot him dead. In a second more, the perpetrator brandishes a blazing knife and thrusts forth to hide amidst the outer darkness. The President became immediately insensible, and expired in ten hours, a martyr to equal rights and universal liberty.

In the foul transactions of that hour, we behold the culminating deed of the secessionist spirit. The assassination of President Lincoln was beyond a doubt, a hireling's work. The murderer was not alone. His accomplices and abettors were legion. The same thing had been schemed in February '61, when Mr. Lincoln was on his way to Washington. Secession newspapers at that early day spoke boldly of the virtue there would be in the sudden extinction of Mr. Lincoln's life. And when the nefarious plot proved a failure, they sneeringly said, the prudent caution of their intended victim was cowardice and his friends were cowards. Not many months ago, a paragraph appeared in several rebel papers, setting forth a proposition to restore peace to the country and prestige to the South for the sum of five millions of dollars. The means proposed was the assassination of the President and Secretary Seward. Not once, but many times have the utterances of rebel mouths and rebel presses called for the death of the President.

Nor when we consider all the circumstances, is this morbid taste for blood surprising. It is, and has been for many years, the chief lesson of secession education, to conquer or kill, to reign or to ruin. To submit peacefully to the will of the majority constitutionally expressed, was never the intention of the insurgents. Neither was it ever their intention to allow freedom of opinion and universal suffrage among the poor whites of the South. Much less was it ever their intention that the laboring classes, whether white, black or quadroon, should ever be free men. In short, the first maxim of political orthodoxy with all that class of men is that Capital only should be free and Labor its servant.

Hence, it came to pass as a logical consequence of these views, that when argument failed them, brute force was deemed necessary and lawful. The frequent occasions for resort to brute force,

as against superior intelligence, gave rise to the frequent practice of it. Then, this forcible method of argumentation was often applied to school teachers and ministers of the Gospel, even on the base suspicion that these apostles of Christian culture were or might become incendiaries to the South. Teachers and preachers were sometimes silenced, banished or hung, as was Rev. Wm. Bewly in Texas, a short time before the war.

Hence also, it came to pass that this same party was always headed in Congress of the United States by senators and representatives armed with bowie knives, loaded canes, stiletos, and revolvers. They never failed in the argument but they sought to vindicate their title to superiority by a fisticuff, or

striking with the cane, or a challenge to the duel. Their conception of a lofty manhood was not mild, [redeeming], reasoning and truth-loving; but it was ferocious, violent, vindictive and self-willed. When the hour of their abounding prosperity came, they had not the christianized philosophy to bear it and use it with prudence for the common good of mankind. Instead of making them wiser and better, prosperity only intoxicated them with the delirium of wild ambition; and when they could not always have their own way, they were easily maddened into rage.

The outer life naturally springing from such principles and such passionate indulgences, has often been exhibited in the course of the present war. The hasty

firing on the Star of the West and on Fort Sumpter (sic), are illustrations, so also is their constant use of falsehood to the people of the South respecting the people of the North, and towering higher than all in fiendish atrocity is the rebel practice of stripping, mistreating and starving Federal soldiers when taken as prisoners of war. And in the same line of illustrations of the rebel inner and outer life is the use of guerrillas and bushwackers to aid the so-called "Southern independence." Their latest case of bushwacking was enacted upon the President, Mr. Seward and his household.

My friends, I have endeavored briefly, dispassionately and truthfully to connect the present national bereave-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►

## When Lexie broke her arm playing, the team at the Bone & Joint Institute immediately went to work taking great care of her.

Six year old Lexie is a bundle of energy, anticipation and action. So when she broke her arm playing with her friends, she was more upset about leaving them than her painful injury. Maybe because her mother was confident about the exceptional, concerned care Lexie would receive at the

*"I loved my Doctor. He was Great."*  
—Lexie

Bone & Joint Institute at St. John's.

Lexie's doctor reassured both Lexie and her mother, Laura, that the injury would heal quickly.

He explained the injury and course of treatment to Lexie. He even made her laugh. Of course, Lexie was a big hit with the Bone and Joint staff, with her spirit and courage. She knew

*"Everyone took the time to make us feel comfortable and welcome."*  
—Laura

she'd soon be back to the gymnastics, pageants and playing she loved.

The team of specialists set Lexie's injured arm. Lexie got to pick out the color of her cast. Her doctor and nurses explained her care. And

*"I would recommend St. John's to every mom. You can tell they love kids."*  
—Laura

Lexie was home the same day, well on her way to a full recovery.

To learn more about how the Bone & Joint Institute can help fix your breaks give us a call at 217-757-6440. We'll have you back doing the things you love in no time.

 **Bone & Joint Institute**  
at St. John's Hospital

800 E. Carpenter Springfield, IL 62769  
217.757.6440



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS  
AT SPRINGFIELD

Annual  
Verbal Arts Festival  
April 21-25, 1999

Voices of Learning,  
Expressiveness, Life

• Mid-America Playwrights (MAP)

"JINXED"—one act plays  
By UIS alumnus Damon McParland  
Wednesday, April 21  
7:30 PM—Studio Theatre  
Sunday, April 25  
2:00 PM—Studio Theatre

• 1999 ALCHEMIST REVIEW

Premiere of the 1999 literary magazine  
With readings by its UIS authors  
Thursday, April 22  
8:00 PM—Visual Arts Gallery  
(Health & Sci. Bldg.)  
Reception following

• Dr. Dennis Baron

\* Author of *Guide to Home  
Language Repair* and other books  
addressing the history and use of the  
English language  
\* Professor of English & Linguistics  
and English Dept. Head at the  
University of Illinois at Urbana-  
Champaign  
Friday, April 23  
2:30 PM Workshop—Public Affairs  
Ctr., Conference Rm. G

"Literacy and Technology"  
7:30 PM Keynote Address—  
Brookens Auditorium  
"From Pencils to Pixels: Literacy  
and the New Technologies of Writing"

• Harpist Linda Elliott & All Things  
Medieval

10th-century playwright Hrotswitha of  
Gandersheim's *Dulcinius* Performed by  
UIS medieval drama group  
Pre-show music by Linda Elliott  
Saturday, April 24  
7:00 PM—Brookens Auditorium

• Civil War Band & Verbal Arts Players

Graduate student Sam B. Davis's play  
*Masasa*  
Performed by UIS Verbal Arts Players  
Pre-show music by a Civil War Band  
Saturday, April 24  
8:30 PM—Brookens Auditorium

All events FREE and open to the public.

For further information call 217-206-7443. The 1999  
Festival is sponsored in part by the Academic Affairs  
Speakers Committee, Inter-Club Council Board, College of  
Liberal Arts and Sciences, History Club, and the UIS  
English Program.

The preacher's tale  
Part 3

ment with its logical antecedents. In this I have succeeded truthfully, it follows of necessity that the murder of our nation's greatest chieftain attaches all the odium of the base deed to the rebel cause. It was not an affair of individual or private animosity. It was not done on private or individual responsibility. The awful deed involves the character and responsibility of the whole rebel fraternity and is a blasting, withering and destroying curse to their cause. It cannot fail to bring down upon them the scorn of all the civilized [powers] of the globe.

They will, of course, cunningly strive to escape the odium by advancing various opinions and theories in solution of the shameful transaction. They may aver that a mere personal affront incited the perpetration; that the Federal chiefs have quarreled among themselves, and that a faction in the Federal Cabinet procured the assassination; that Vice President Johnson was criminally eager to supplant Mr. Lincoln; and other subterfuges equally false.

Fellow citizens and soldiers, let me speak freely, most earnestly warn you not to entertain any theories or explanations tending to relieve the rebels of the foul stigma. To the rebellion belongs the deed. If you ever were in sympathy with the rebels before, and do not withdraw now, you make yourself a willing partner with the murderers. As well could an angel of light be in sympathy with demons of the nether pit, as a true loyalist can now be in sympathy with the party who are plotting for the rebel confederacy. That confederacy is scabbed leprous and putrid with the crimes of theft, falsehood and assassination. No right-minded person, surely, can now willingly touch the loathsome carcass. The deadly assault upon the President and Secretary of State means the total over throw of the Government of the United States. It could signify nothing less. None but the most violent enemies of their country and enemies of mankind could be guilty of a deed so dreadful. I cannot think it possible for any one who

hears me today, to entertain for an instant a feeling of fellowship for the perpetrators or abettors of the nefarious deed, or with the cause to which the odium of the deed belongs.

But my friends, let us turn away from the sickening sight, and contemplate for a moment the noble dead.

Abraham Lincoln perished a martyr to the cause of equal rights and universal freedom. He perished ignominiously and unjustly; but so did Stephen, the first martyr in the cause of Christ.

The killing of Stephen was a crime of his nation. It was done with the sanction of the highest authority. Because it was a crime, the party perpetrating it was punished. That party was the Jewish State; and on that State vengeance of insulted justice poured a most terrible retribution—Jerusalem was utterly destroyed; human beings by hundreds of thousands perished; the Hebrew nationality was blotted out; and the remnant of the people scattered to become a byword and a hissing among all the tribes of mankind. In the case of MR. LINCOLN, it was not the nation, but only a guilty, bloody and turbulent faction that committed the crime. A doom of wretchedness is in store for the guilty faction. The history of crimes shows clearly that guilt brings punishment with as much certainty as that lightning is a consuming fire. Neither an individual, a faction, or a nation can avert the dreadful doom of evildoers. The Almighty himself cannot stay the vengeance which wickedness provokes, without reversing the order of His own works and nullifying the laws of His own empire.

Stephen perished in the exercise of the forgiving spirit exemplified by the Savior on the cross. So too, closed the mortal life of our noble President. He indulged no malice to a living soul, though hosts of infuriate enemies were constantly in ambush for his blood. He deplored the enmity and hatred of his and his country's foes, but personal malice never darkened his clear and cheerful soul.

The blood of the ancient martyrs was the fertilizer of the church. Thus, likewise, will the death of MR. LINCOLN impart new vigor to the principles and policy of government which he so ably represented. The words of that man will be treasured words in the hearts of millions as long as human governments

endure. At the present moment, his untimely death by means so foul, pushes the Nation to the verge of anarchy and ruin; but this can be only temporary. The principles embodied in the National Government are indestructible, and they are more dear to the hearts of loyal citizens because of the rich treasure expended for them.

Our martyred chieftain died, I doubt not, (for I knew him well by a personal acquaintance of more than 25 years), in the possession of a deep, earnest and sustaining religious life. He was a firm believer in the teachings of the Savior. He never indulged in profane swearing; never in the use of intoxicating liquors; was one of the most obliging and kind-hearted of neighbors; was never severely exacting but was always liberal to the needy, generous to his friends, magnanimous to his rivals, and forgiving to his enemies. He was a regular attendant at church, and a cheerful contributor to any Christian enterprise that promised amelioration to mankind. His lively conviction of a present, personal God, guiding the march of the human race to a higher and nobler destiny, was probably the most potent energy of Mr. Lincoln's spiritual nature. To the inquiry once addressed to him, whether he loved the Savior, his answer was: "I do love the Savior."

To American youth, the example of our departed President may safely be commended. Mr. Lincoln was not "descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors;" but he ascended from the low condition of a frontier log cabin boy to preeminent honor among the wise and good. From poor and obscure but virtuous parentage have arisen our Benjamin Franklin, our Andrew Jackson, our Henry Clay, and last, but not least, our noble Abraham Lincoln.

Youth of my country, be studious, [earnest], prayerful, and persistent in the pursuit and attainment of a cultivated humanity. Let not your humble condition depress you, but only quicken your energy to rise above it, assured that,

When the battle is fought, and the victory won,

Life's trials are ended, and life's duties are done;

That Jesus your Savior will welcome you home

To mansions on high where Abraham's gone! ■

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Springer not only praised Lincoln for his temperance, generosity, and magnanimity, but he attacked the partisan factions that had conspired to murder Lincoln and simultaneously pull down the government.

These themes alone make Chaplain Springer's eulogy interesting reading 134 years after the assassination. Yet Springer's words have an added dimension, for the Reverend not only knew and admired Lincoln from their early days in Springfield, he felt close enough to his old neighbor to reflect upon his spiritual life, something many contemporary ministers did but few were so well-qualified to do.

Reverend Springer came back to Springfield in 1867, where he continued his work in the Lutheran church and as an educator. He died in this city in 1892 at the age of eighty-two and is buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery.

Reverend Springer's "discourse" in memory of President Lincoln, has not been in print since April 22, 1865, when it first appeared in the Fort Smith New Era. The eulogy was discovered by Illinois Times editor William Furry at the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville, where he was conducting research on Reverend Springer and Civil War refugees.

For the deep-felt sorrow of this awful hour, not utterance, but silence is the proper expression; for who can tell the grief he feels!

Such a mourning as this was never known. The like of it is not in history. Besotted and foolish occupants of imperial thrones have fallen under the stroke of assassination; but never a sober, humane and wise President of a nation of voters. Not the will of a single ruler—not the will of a party,—but the will of a numerous, wealthy, powerful and intelligent nation of free people, has been thwarted, and outraged by the poniard and pistol of secret and stealthy assault. Not a tyrant, but a philanthropist and patriot, freely elected by his countrymen, has been foully murdered. Not a usurper but a lawful and constitutional President chosen from among the millions by the millions, has fallen into the crafty snare of partisan hatred and cowardice. Not one thrust upon, but one selected by the people free from the tricks and intrigues of faction has been

wise, enshrined with tenderest and most endearing love in the hearts of the millions loyal to the constitution and laws of the United States; a man whom the corrupting appliances of money could not swerve, and whom the dazzling splendors of ambition could not allure, and in whose heart no malice to an enemy was ever cherished; such, my countrymen, was ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whose funeral rites we this day solemnize.

Thousands of noble men, as brave and loyal as MR. LINCOLN, have fallen in this war, but he only of all the numerous hosts of the fallen ones was the representative of the whole nation; and because he was such, and such so well, the nation mourns.

Only a few days ago, shouts of rejoicing by human voices and the roar of a thousand cannon blazed over all the land. It was because the angel of peace had come in sight. We beheld the outline of her heavenly form. It seemed as if God himself was once more drawing near to relieve us from the afflicting

good."

The jublations of exultant hope have all at once given place to the dismal bodings of despair. Where gladness thrilled, terror now reigns. In hearts once joyous with the brightening beams of peace, there is now unutterable grief. Eyes but lately aglow with the dawn of a lovely future are dimmed with tears. Silent but absorbing sorrow oppresses every soul.

Fiends in human shape with no soul but that of Satan, with no affections but those of malice, with no imagination but that of frenzy, with no will but the purpose of murder, and no memory but to treasure up materials for wrath—such fiends, with deadly weapons in hand, strike the President and Secretary of State—two of the worthiest among men. The Secretary of State was an invalid confined to his bed, an object of compassion rather than of dread. But the hour of his weakness was deemed the fiend's opportunity, as the hour of the Savior's hunger was the Tempter's best chance to say, "Command the stone to be made

# SUNDAY SERMONS

## TELL OF LINCOLN

### Life and Character Themes of Hartford Ministers.

*Hartford Journal 12-23*

Abraham Lincoln's life and work, his contributions to American history and character, furnished themes for sermons in Hartford pulpits Sunday.

"No greater character in American history," said the Rev. Frank B. Haggard in speaking on "Lincoln as a Good Scout," at the Asylum avenue Baptist church, "appeals more strongly to the boy's imagination than Lincoln, none holds more surely his affections than the great American who found his way from the cabin to the capital. The life of Lincoln is to-day one of the strongest influences making for good citizenship. He held up before the rising generation as the perfect type of what a good wholesome one hundred per cent. American ought to be. We do not have to make any apologies for his spirit of conduct.

The Rev. R. R. Ball, of the A. M. E. Zion church associated with the name of Lincoln that of Frederick Douglass, who lived in the same generation.

"What would be the position of Lincoln and Douglas with reference to those conditions that are demanding the serious consideration not only of the nation, but of the world to-day? We would have heard Lincoln and Douglas speak for the passage of the Dyer bill which sought federal protection against the accursed and abominable practice of lynching of which our people are the greatest sufferers in those sections where the orderly processes of the law are disregarded, and sectional sentiment seems to condone the offence. They would use all their great abilities to offset the propaganda that feeds sectional feeling and feters racial strife. They would be leaders in the fight against those laws and practices that segregate and disenfranchise and discriminate in order to humiliate and deprive of equal treatment.

"And they would be leaders in the fight against that other iniquitous movement—the revival of an old one—the Ku Klux Klan, which is a menace to the national life, and which the colored man knows means the denial of his right to share fully and freely and equally in the constitutional and common citizen rights.

"It is the spirit of these men that moves the negro pulpits of this state this Sunday to declare for the passage of the Civil Rights bill now before the legislature, that in this state there will no longer be boldly practiced in public places discrimination against us on account of our color."

The Rev. Dr. Archibald F. Campbell of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church, spoke on "The Heart of Lincoln," and the Rev. Manford Wallace Schuh on "The Faith of Lincoln." The Rev. Dr. L. H. Dorchester, speaking at the First Methodist church on "Lincoln, the Boy, the Man," said:

"Long before we ever heard of the Anti-Saloon league and the Prohibition amendment Abraham Lincoln wrote, signed, advocated and kept his pledge: 'Whereas the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is productive of pauperism, degeneration and crime, and believing it is our duty to discourage that which produces more evil than good, we, therefore, pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.'"

The Rev. W. B. Reed spoke on "Lincoln and the Springfield Preachers" at the Shiloh Baptist church.

"The saddest fact about the great anti-slavery fight," he said, "was that so many ministers of the gospel, defended this inhuman, immoral and unmoral institution."



# LINCOLN ADDRESS

## DR. STANSFIELD PREACHES SERMON IN HIS OLD CHURCH AT INDIANAPOLIS

The newspapers of Indianapolis always give large space to announcement and report of addresses delivered in that city by Dr. Joshua Stansfield, who for fifteen years was in charge of the largest church of his denomination in the state of Indiana and is now pastor of Cuyler Avenue Methodist church, Oak Park. Following is an epitome of his report of Lincoln day address before the men of the Meridian club of Indianapolis on "Lincoln and the American Spirit."

Lincoln he declared to be the greatest American and the most unaccountable man in our history. Neither ancestry, environment nor education can fully explain Lincoln. Much, perhaps, may be accounted for thus, but not the most and best. We may say with John L. Griffiths, your honored and beloved citizen, in his famous Roachdale, England Lincoln address some years ago, "The blood of the Puritan and cavalier mingled in him, the blood of Quaker and planter and pioneer and in the mingling the best qualities of each continued dominant so that strength and gentleness, majesty and grace, toleration and firmness, were all blended in his wondrous personality." Or we may cite and approve the appraisements and panegyrics of a score of the best writers of Lincoln, but even so, we should not fully and truly appraise Abraham Lincoln by anything or all things on the human side only. The Hebrew and old Bible way of explaining a truly great and good man is the truest and best yet known. In speaking of one of the greatest of those born of woman, it says, "There was a man sent from heaven whose name was John,"—and so with the truly greatest and best in all history, climaxing in the noblest and divinest of all—"The Son of Man"—the Son of God—the perfectest

human and fullest divine the world has ever known. The best of Jesus was neither from Joseph nor Mary, it was from God. He was begotten of the father only. All that was divine in him was not of the blood of man or the will of the flesh, but of God only. That is the Bible way, and withal the best way of accounting for the truly good. "There was a man sent from God," and God's man is never late.

The world's noblest and best are not to be accounted for on any lower grounds. This was preeminently true of Lincoln. The God consciousness in him was deep and strong, deeper, indeed, and more dynamic than anything else in all his life. One may perhaps largely explain the temperamentalisms and idiosyncrasies of Lincoln—his drollery, or dreaminess, or indolences—aye, or his fine native honesty and human sympathy and fellow feeling and sense of justice. These may in part be his by way of Thomas Lincoln or Nancy Hanks, or pioneers, or cavaliers, or Puritans and the wilderness, but these all and sundry may not give the deepest and best of Lincoln. Circumstances do not make men—they manifest them, and in the crisis hours and occasions of his life Lincoln was manifest, and in every such hour, underlying and surcharging his greatest utterances and noblest acts, is this deep God consciousness.

Take but two expressions: "I know there is a God and that he hates the injustice of slavery. I see the storm and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and a work for me, and I think he has, I believe I am ready." "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us try to finish the work we are in."

And yet there have been those who have questioned as to whether Lincoln was Christian, a believer in and a servant of the living God. They may show that he was not a member of any particular church or communion—and he gave particular reasons why he was not

—but that he was a God-fearing and just and righteous man, one who feared God and eschewed evil, a man of deepest and finest God consciousness and moral sense, is the one greatest thing that stands out in the true and abiding greatness of the greatest and first of Americans, Abraham Lincoln.

Physically, mentally, morally, Lincoln was well born. He was physically strong, mentally alert, morally straight, aye, and even in the poor and hard circumstances of his life he was not at the worst for the character and achievements of true greatness. Poverty and hardships have often been the soil of the finest human products. As Lincoln himself said, "God must have loved the poor, or he would not have made so many of them."

But not because he was poor, not because he was strong limbed or clear brained and logically minded, or natively honest, and intensely human and well minded to all, with an unflinching confidence in the common people, the basis of true democracy, or a fine God consciousness, the foundation of all real goodness—not by any or all of these, but with these, in honesty and fidelity to the best of himself—he was truly good and great and great and good. True to himself, he was never false to any other person or cause. "Honest Abe Lincoln"—whom Douglass knew as "The honestest man he had ever met"—was unflinchingly honest and true to the best of himself, and therein and therefrom is the true greatness in both character and achievement of the peerless Lincoln.

The Core Parker. Feb 22, 1924



# PASTORS LAUD LINCOLN-MAN WITH NO CREED

*Milwaukee Sentinel*

2-10-1930

## Hailed as 'American Incarnation' of Christianity.

Abraham Lincoln—the man who professed to no creed save that of Christ: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself"—was extolled by Milwaukee clergymen Sunday as "an American incarnation of Christianity," and the exemplification of Christian qualities.

Preliminary to the nation-wide observance of Lincoln's birthday anniversary on Wednesday, the "great emancipator," his characteristics and service, formed sermon topics for clergymen at many Milwaukee churches.

### Comparison Is Made.

The Rev. Arthur S. Beale in his sermon at the Grand Avenue Congregational church aligned Lincoln with social and political problems extant today in the United States. Americans should ask themselves, Mr. Beale said, whether Lincoln might not take the stand today that he took in 1837 at Springfield when he advised:

"There is even now something of ill omen among us. I mean the disregard for law. Here is one point at which danger may be expected. How shall we fortify ourselves against it? The answer is simple: Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his prosperity swear by the blood of the revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of his country, and never to tolerate their violation by others."

Mr. Beale cited Lincoln's great hope for the day when there would be not a slave "or drunkard on the face of God's green earth."

### Lincoln Abhorred Liquor.

"Whatever position we may take individually," Mr. Beale said, "we all know that Lincoln never would drink a drop himself and sought to dissuade others from drinking."

"Personally I was opposed to putting the prohibition amendment in the constitution when we did so, feeling that we were not ready. But when it was written into the constitution of our country, I as a loyal citizen stood behind it and shall do so unless it be taken out by legal methods."

"I believe that Mexico is doing better than we are at this point. In every theater government films are being shown revealing the evils of drink. In every public hall government speakers are lecturing on the evils of drink. In every public place, posters showing the evils of drink are placed. This is an educational method. We need that behind prohibition, if we are to succeed."

### Lincoln Discussed Elsewhere.

"But nobody can doubt that Lincoln would have obeyed the constitution and have urged his countrymen to obey," he concluded.

Other "Lincoln" sermons included "Lincoln, the Greatest Figure of the New World," by the Rev. N. C. Shirley at the Island Avenue Presbyterian church; "Lincoln, Man of Faith," by the Rev. Roscoe A. Barnes at the Asbury Methodist Episcopal church; "Lincoln," by the Rev. Robert Basil Stansell at the

First Methodist Episcopal church; "A Modern Christian Martyr," by the Rev. L. K. Grimes at the Westminster Presbyterian church; "Was Abraham Lincoln Christian?" by the Rev. L. W. Gade at the Bethany Presbyterian church; "Lincoln, Man of God," by the Rev. E. J. Blair at the Tippecanoe Presbyterian church; "The Spirit of Lincoln," by the Rev. W. A. Geske at the West Granville Presbyterian church at 9 a. m. and at the North church at 11 a. m.



[DUPLICATE]

(M 3351)

For your files

# THE VOICE OF LINCOLN

By

REV. JOSEPH RICHARD SIZOO, D.D.

Minister

New York Avenue Presbyterian Church  
Washington, D. C.



Preached Sunday, February seventh  
Nineteen thirty-two

## THE VOICE OF LINCOLN

In the impressive dome of the Library of Congress in this fair city there is written a sentence of an ancient Hebrew prophet: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Somehow that sentence haunts us again today. No man in the history of this nation ever more nearly fulfilled this measure of a man of God than did Abraham Lincoln. This sentence explains him. By it he lived, in it he found his reward, and through it he enriched the ages. He was motivated by a sense of inexorable justice. He walked among the lowly of earth. He practiced mercy. Like Enoch he walked with God. There was about him a high sense of right; he was a friend of the humble; he met criticism with utmost mercy; and he lived by an unfaltering faith in an unfailing God.

So vital are these elements to the character of man, so interwoven are they with an abiding civilization, and so essential are they to the maintenance of government, that it is good now and then to sit down with them, let them challenge us, and ask if these are the primal considerations of our lives. It is always a dangerous thing to put into the mouths of the great of earth words which we believe they would speak to this generation. And yet, no one can doubt but that if Lincoln's voice could be heard again, he would speak of these four passions which surged through his soul.

On this Sunday of the commemoration of his birth, and in this church whose ministry deepened these four revelations of his character, it is good to pause

and think of them anew. "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

\* \* \* \*

I. Lincoln traveled the road of lowliness. "He walked humbly." He was born in obscurity and reared in poverty. He saw the light of day in an alley of Elizabethtown on the edge of Nolen's Creek in Kentucky. When he was born no doctor came, and in the afternoon a neighbor walked three miles to make tea for the mother and to wrap the child in a red flannel blanket (the only nursing Abraham Lincoln ever had until he died). His home was a four-walled enclosure fourteen feet square. Next to the door they cut an opening in the cabin, stretched over it a skin, and called it a window. It was a trackless, bookless and neighborless world.

Because of the wanderlust of his father the family trekked to Pigeon Creek in Indiana where they settled upon a clearing, building for their home a three-walled enclosure with a mud floor. Hardly had he reached the age of nine when his mother became ill and in the haze of an Indian summer she said goodbye to him with a final admonition: "I shall go away soon and will not return. Be a good boy. Take care of Sarah and your father. Live as I have taught you to live and love your Heavenly Father and the ten commandments." That afternoon father and son went out into the forest and out of logs made a rough wood shelter for the wearied body and they buried her where the sunlight of God watched over the grave in an open clearing near the cabin. They went back to the lifeless cabin and labored for eleven years to pay off one-half of the indebtedness upon their place.

Time went by and a kindly Providence brought to that log cabin another mother who brought

to that home care and some comfort and light. Lincoln never forgot her love and with the first large fee he ever earned he settled her upon a little place in reasonable comfort. She outlived him and when he died she bore this testimony: "He was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see." Then again they moved on and settled on the Sangamon in Illinois where he grew into manhood. Until he went there he had never seen a church. Until he went to Congress he had never seen the inside of a high school. At the age of twenty-three he said, "My most useful instrument which I have wielded is an ax."

When he became candidate for the state legislature he began his first campaign address thus: "I was born and have ever remained in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy friends to recommend me. If the good people in wisdom see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointment to be very much chagrined." When a newspaper man asked him for something of the story of his life, he replied, "My life is the short simple annals of the poor."

So lowly was he that when he came to Washington a few days before the inauguration he had but few friends outside of office seekers, and social Washington determined that Mary Lincoln should never crash the gate of their aristocracy. There never lived a man who was surrounded by elements so destined to defeat high purpose as Abraham Lincoln.

He never forgot the humble of earth. The man who walked that humble road of life never defaced or effaced his love for the lowly. Every argument he debated and every decision he made was guided by what effect it might have upon mankind. The very things which seemed to preclude high honor became the factor in his immortality.

God has a way of using such spirits. In the history of the world it is the lowly whom He has called to

leadership and responsibility. A river boatman becomes the leader of a great cause; the son of a government clerk He makes the founder of a new expression of Christian faith; a tender of sheep on the hillsides of Gilboa He makes the stabilizer of a war-wearied nation; the follower of the plow in the fields of Tekoa He makes a prophet of the ages. A rail splitter on the Sangamon He makes the savior of the Union. The lowly of the earth have been its inheritors.

That voice of Lincoln speaks today. Could he walk the paths of life it would be to make a plea for lowliness. What we shall eat and drink and where-withal shall we be clothed, has become to many people a matter of primal concern in life. Take material things away from them and the very motive of living seems lost. We have confused fame with notoriety, success with applause, starlights for footlights, lathe and plaster for marble, husks for wheat. Fine raiment, rich food, soft couches—life does not turn on these. As well feed a lion with straw and a jungle tiger with sawdust as to suppose that the heart of man can ever be satisfied with things. We have come to say that poverty breeds crime and have apparently forgotten that out of poverty God has brought the leaders, the thinkers, the poets and the saviors of the world.

The power that was Rome has fallen away, the glory that was Greece has faded, the wealth of Phoenicia has perished with its ships in the sea, the pleasure that was Babylon has fallen with its empire, but the paths of the lowly shine more brightly to the perfect day. Do not be afraid of hard times. Through these the rebirth of our better selves shall come.

\* \* \* \*

II. He walked the road of criticism without complaint or bitterness. "He loved mercy." What

calumny, scorn and slander were directed at him! He was the object of venomous hate and lasting condemnation. Ugly things were said about him. They called him "A Black Republican, a monster in human form, an ape man, at heart a slave holder, a destroyer of the country founded by revolutionary leaders. The unspeakable Billingsgate of the Civil War makes sad reading. His own official household was never any too loyal. Stanton said, "He ruins the morale of the army"; Seward said, "Lincoln has no policy"; while Chase adds, "He is unfit to be President." Governor Seymour spoke of him as the destroyer of the Union. One cannot help but feel that nothing short of the will of God deferred so long the assassination of a man who stood between the life and death of the Union. That contumely never halted until Booth's cruel blow put Lincoln beyond the reach of this barrage of slime and slander.

Yet he was never embittered. He endured "As seeing Him who is invisible." He walked uncomplainingly and without resentment. When he was greeted with the insolence of a general his only reply was, "I am willing to hold the head of his horse if he will only win a battle." He came to the end saying, "Let us be friends. Let us forget the past." You hear him say, "If I know my heart, it is no pleasure to tramp upon anyone." He believed that "the mystic chord of memory stretching from hearth stone and heart across this broad land would yet swell the chorus of Union when touched, as surely as they will be by the better angels of our nature." You see him standing by the chair of Jeff Davis after the evacuation of Richmond, and he is in tears. You hear him say to his unrelenting political friends of the north, "I will treat them as though they had never been away."

The glory of Lincoln's life was that at last his love of mercy was vindicated. Those who began with

hate ended with genuine affection; while those who bitterly opposed him joined in the words of a member of the cabinet, "Now he belongs to the ages."

That voice still speaks. The memory of Lincoln still haunts us with the demand of love. In a day when it is so easy to doubt and so hard to believe; at a time when we are so disposed to hate rather than to love; when anger rather than affection seems to motivate men, we need to hear again the voice of Lincoln. Sooner or later every life must travel that road of criticism. At times our good is evil-spoken of; and our kindnesses are misinterpreted. The greater the man, the nobler the character, the broader the influence, the more certain is this fact. We all must walk the road of criticism. They called Washington a hypocrite and murderer; they said that Paul was an anarchist, that the disciples were drunk at Pentecost, and that Jesus was devil-possessed. The acid test of character will always be, can you labor without reward, toil without returns and travel the road of criticism without bitterness.

Life is a race. Don't whimper if the stones bruise your feet. Life is a voyage. Don't complain if the storm batters the hull of the ship. Life is a growth. Don't falter if seeds lie smothered and submerged in the darkness. Life is a pilgrimage. Don't fail because you leave blood on the trail.

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III. He did justly. There was about Lincoln a sense of inexorable justice. He had a high sense of right and honor. He turned neither to the right nor to the left. When once his mind was fixed he remained adamant. The first question he always asked was, "Is it right?"

He lived his life with a sense of righteousness. His character stands unsullied. When the great land-

slide of hate and contumely all but closed in upon him and his enemies were determined either to rule or ruin him, they turned the microscope of research upon every act of his life to discover some act of scandal or dishonor. But they could find none. He was made of the stuff of which heroes are made.

Not only his life but his convictions were all built on the question of right and justice. He opposed slavery because it was wrong, not simply because it was an economic blunder. He knew that that issue had been evaded when the Constitution had been adopted. The Revolution and its aftermath had left the colonies so weak that they could not afford a second conflict. Washington knew it was wrong and as an example set his slaves free. Jefferson was conscious of the fact that as long as slaves existed all men were not free and equal and he, too, gave liberty to his slaves. But nothing came of it until one day the tall, gaunt man with stooped shoulders and hollow chest won the first battle against slavery at the ballot box. That was followed by another, the tragedy of the Civil War. Political charlatans and merchant princes pleaded with him "to let the erring sister go." But Lincoln believed in justice and he prevailed.

That conviction of righteousness he carried into the maintenance of the Union. He had no illusions about his election. One-half of the states were in open rebellion and many states seceded from the Union to set up their own sovereignty. Lincoln was elected by a minority vote. Of the four and one-half million votes cast, he obtained a scant two million. The war would not have lasted many months had he not stood by the right that the Union must be maintained. He had taken a vow before God that the nation could not exist one-half slave and one-half free. He determined that the saving of the Union was the supreme issue and he stood by it. That conviction cost him a seat in the United States Senate but

at last opened the doors for him to the White House. When Forquer made a speech to put down this young man, Lincoln replied, "I am not so young in years as I am in the tricks of politicians, but live long or die early I would rather die than change my views and by that change obtain office." In the state legislature of Illinois you hear his uncompromising challenge, "You may burn my body and scatter the ashes to the winds of heaven; you may drag my soul into the regions of darkness; but you will not get me to support what I believe is wrong."

In a day when men are temporizing for applause; when men bargain for advantage and walk quietly around supreme issues upon which they should be outspoken, it is time that we listen again to the voice of Lincoln challenging men to obedience to what is right.

\* \* \* \*

IV. There is another element of his life which holds the affection and imagination of mankind. Like Enoch of old, he walked with God. Ask those who knew him best and have most intimate knowledge of him what element of his life will live longest through the ages and they will reply, "His trust in God." He saw life in terms of omnipotence. Wherever he went it was the sense of a sustaining God which enrap-tured him. The eternal arms which are underneath and round about the children of men never passed out of his thinking. He met life heroically because he never lost sight of God. He felt himself the child of destiny called of God to a supreme leadership.

He was born with it. The Hankses were known far and wide for the love of camp meetings. One day in a camp meeting under the trees in Kentucky a young man arose and in exalted and fervent words proclaimed his allegiance to God. Next to him sat a

young woman who rose by his side and with great rapture proclaimed, too, her loyalty to Christ. It is said that the next week those two young people walked to the home of a parson, were married, built a rude shelter and out of that wedlock Abraham Lincoln was born.

At the age of seven he had committed to memory forty chapters of the Bible. The one thing which he carried with him to Washington was the Bible his mother gave him when she died on Pigeon Creek. He knew that book. He saturated his language with its vocabulary and his life with its spirit. You cannot read his addresses without feeling the haunting loveliness, grandeur, pathos and love of those who walk across the pages of the Book of Books.

One day in 1837 in the company of lawyer friends and two doctors, Abraham Lincoln went to camp meeting to hear the great preacher of that part of the world, Peter Akers. The theme of the sermon was "The Dominion of Jesus." The preacher maintained that slavery could only be settled by a cruel civil war. He said that that war was not far away. After three hours of exhorting he closed by saying: "Who knows but what the man who would lead us in that hour is standing here now." Strange enough, Abraham Lincoln was standing thirty feet from the minister when he spoke those words. The next morning, coming to his law office, sad and brooding, he said to his partner, "I am utterly unable to shake from myself the conviction that I shall be involved in that tragedy." The sense that God had destined him for some great mission always haunted his life. It sobered and saddened him all his days. He believed that God spoke to his soul. When one day a company of clergymen from Chicago told Lincoln that the reversal of the Army of the North was due to God's displeasure in his refusal to issue an emancipation proclamation. Lincoln replied, "It is a little strange

that if the Lord had a special communication for me He should send it round about by the wicked city of Chicago." Walt Whitman has spoken for us all when he wrote, "The invisible foundation of his character was mystic, moral and spiritual."

It was God who sustained him. To the politicians of the North, Lincoln was an accident, but we who look back upon him through the passing years know he was a providence. As surely as God called Moses from the plains of Horeb to lead a captive people to a new, national destiny; as surely as God called Jeremiah from the fields of Anathoth; as surely as He called Gideon from the threshing floor of Gilboa, so surely did He call Lincoln to his task. Nothing else explains him. You cannot argue from a cradle so humble to a grave so illustrious, from a beginning so utterly inconsequential to an end so all-glorious without the assurance "and God was with him." Some time after the battle of Gettysburg had been fought and won by the North, one of the generals of the army asked Lincoln one day if he had had any great anxiety about the outcome. Lincoln replied, "I never once doubted the outcome of that battle. On the night before I went to my knees and said, 'We can't stand another Chancellorsville. If You will stand by me I will stand by You.' He did, and I will." You can no more explain the dark days of '63 when the cunning craftiness of European diplomats was pitted against him, when the Army of the North was steeped in discord, when six hundred men deserted each day, when the flawless strategy of General Lee made the Army of the South well nigh unconquerable—you cannot explain these dark days any more than you can explain Washington at Valley Forge without God.

If anyone still doubts that there is a God in the heavens who keeps watch over the children of men; if there are any who find it difficult to believe in the place and power of prayer, I commend them to read

again the story of American democracy from Bunker Hill and Yorktown through Fort Sumter and Appomattox. After that you will never doubt again.

What was true then is true today. The voice of Lincoln calls us to a new faith in an unfailing God. The God who led the ancient Hebrews through the wilderness to the Land of Promise, who led the Pilgrims in their tiny boat to the storm-washed shores of New England, who led Washington through the tragedies of the Revolution to Yorktown, who led Lincoln through dark days without number to final triumph, still leads the nation today. God has not forgotten. The reins have not slipped out of His hands. God is not an indifferent spectator to the events of the nation. His right hand is still keeping the hopes of the world. As surely as He walked with men of old, so He walks with men today. God has a Lincoln for every crisis—then, today, tomorrow.

\* \* \* \*

Then came the end. It was lilac time in Washington. On that unforgettable day in April a glorious sun spread its spring glow upon the bud-bursting trees of the city. For days without end the news of victory after victory had come to the North. Men knew that the end of the war had come. Lincoln was happy. Early in the afternoon with Mrs. Lincoln he went for a long drive. They talked together about what they would do when the war would end and his term of office expire. They spoke with great joy of the day when they would go back home to Springfield. What is more wonderful in all the world to any man than to go back home! That was Lincoln's dream. There was another subject in their conversation that afternoon. Lincoln had spoken occasionally of his desire to visit the Holy Land. He had a great longing to tramp all the paths sanctified by

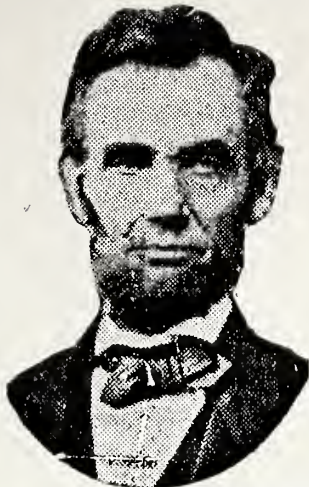
the feet of the Son of Man, to walk among the flowers whose loveliness and bloom gladdened the heart of Jesus, to stand upon the shores of the Sea of Galilee and see the waters that held the little boat in which He traveled and, above all, to go to Jerusalem beyond whose walls the Savior of the world died for the redemption of mankind. That evening they went to the theater, but Lincoln's thoughts were far from what was being enacted on the stage. In his imagination he was back in his old home or walking the streets of Jerusalem. He had just turned to Mrs. Lincoln and was speaking to her about that journey. The word Jerusalem was on his lips when the most cruel assassination in human history halted it.

He lingered only a little while. When dawn came his life was slipping away. Then, without a murmur or complaint, in utmost peace and resignation, the angels of God carried his weary soul across the river that has no bridge into Immanuel's Land. On the day when Jesus of Nazareth gave His life upon the cross of Calvary (for it was Good Friday) God gave Lincoln the desire of his heart. He was home at last, and in the New Jerusalem.

"And so he lived, a noble work to do,  
And lived to do it.  
Four long suffering years  
Ill fame and ill repute lived through,  
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers."

Blessed be God for Abraham Lincoln!

# Washington Av. Baptist



Corner Gates and Washington Avenues

ROBERT McCAUL, Pastor

MORNING, 11 O'CLOCK

"THE ROYAL ROAD"

SERMON BY PASTOR

REDFERNE HOLLINSHEAD WILL SING AT

BOTH SERVICES.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED

EVENING—7:45

## "Abraham Lincoln's Secrets"

Rev. ROBERT McCAUL Will Preach  
Orchestra, Choir, Young People's Chorus  
PUBLIC INVITED

## ✠ Greenwood Baptist Church ✠

Corner Seventh Avenue and Sixth Street

Rev. F. W. O'BRIEN, D.D., Minister

Morning Service, 10:30—Address by

Rev. F. W. Steadman

Of Japan, Captain of the Fu Kiu Maru  
THRILLING STORY

Evening Service, 7:45

## LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Special Group Negro Spirituals

Choir Quartette, Soloists

Sermon Topic:

A Great Man

Rev. W. I. SOUTHERTON, D.D., Preaching

RUSSIAN CHOIR NEXT SUNDAY



## Grace Methodist Episcopal Church

Seventh Avenue and St. John's Place

Rev. Roy E. Manne, Pastor

9:45 A.M.—Bible School

11:00 A.M.—"GOD MANIFEST IN THE  
FLESH"

8:00 P.M.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

Special Music by the Gloria Trumpeters



## New York Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church

New York Ave.  
at Dean St.

Rev. John W. Langdale, D.D.  
MINISTER

10:30 a.m.

"The Importance of Our Idea  
of God."

7:45 p.m.

"Lincoln a Practicer of Chris-  
tianity."

Rev. John W. Langdale, D.D.

Congregational.

## CHURCH of the EVANGEL (Cong'l)

Bedford Ave. and Hawthorne St.

Rev. ALBERT E. RORABACK

10:30 a.m.—"THE GROWTH OF THE  
CHURCH."

8:00 p.m.—"THE RELIGION OF  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN." †

## PLYMOUTH

ORANGE STREET

Newell Dwight Hillis

Ira Wemmell Henderson,

Ministers

11 A.M.

"The Religion of Washington  
and Lincoln."

Sermon by Dr.

## HILLIS

7:30 P.M.

Organ Recital

G. WARING STEBBINS, A.G.O.

7:45 P.M.

"England's Two Greatest  
Men, Oliver Cromwell and  
John Milton."

Address by Dr.

## HILLIS

## CHURCH OF OUR FATHER

Grand Avenue, Near Fulton Street

Rev. Thomas E. Potterton, D.D.

11—Abraham Lincoln

7:45—American Cities





Rev. Joseph R. Sizoo,  
M. A., Minister

# NEW YORK AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

New York Ave. and 13th St.

*A Place of Faith and  
Friendship.*

Abraham Lincoln, Who Worshipped in  
This Church.

## SERVICES

9:45 A. M.—Bible School. Classes for All

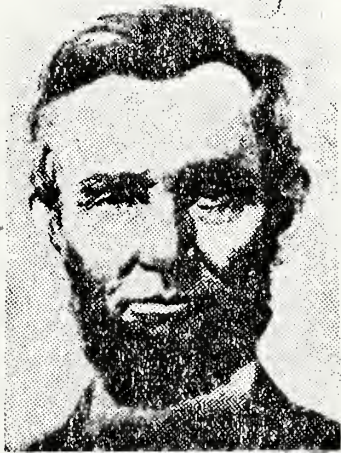
11:00 A. M.—Morning Worship. "ABRAHAM LIN-  
COLN—A HERITAGE AND HOPE."  
(Sermon broadcast by W. C. A. P.)

6:00 P. M.—C. E. Fellowship Tea. Service at 6:45.

8:00 P. M.—Evening Worship. "ABRAHAM LIN-  
COLN—THE MAN AND THE MESSAGE."

(Members of the camps of Sons of Veterans, the  
posts of G. A. R., and auxiliary camps of Sons of  
Veterans, U. S. A., will attend.)

## Department of the Potomac GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC Anniversary Memorial for



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

February 12, 1925, 8:00 P. M.

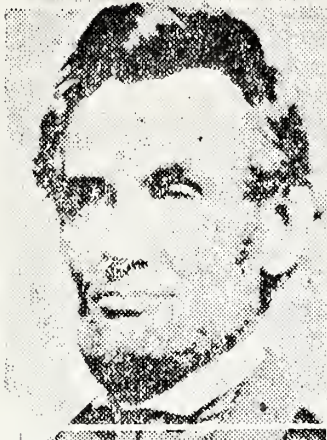
## FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

### PROGRAM:

|                                         |                           |
|-----------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Call to Order.....                      | Briscoe Goodhart          |
| Department Commander                    |                           |
| Presentation of Department Colors.....  | Hazard Wheeler            |
| Color Bearer                            |                           |
| Star-Spangled Banner.....               | Quartette                 |
| Invocation.....                         | Rev. R. E. McBride        |
| Department Chaplain                     |                           |
| Faith, Hope and Love.....               | Shelly                    |
| Address.....                            | Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge |
| Senator from California                 |                           |
| Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.....       | Lemuel Warner             |
| Solo.....                               | Hon. Clifton A. Woodrum   |
| Address.....                            |                           |
| Tenting to Night.....                   | Quartette                 |
| Address.....                            | Watson B. Miller          |
| American Legion                         |                           |
| Audience                                |                           |
| Benediction.....                        | Rev. Franklin I. Winter   |
| Miss Nellie M. Sarey, Accompanist       |                           |
| MADRIGAL QUARTETTE                      |                           |
| Viola Schippert Kluge, Gertrude Misel,  |                           |
| Edith Graham Schilling, Edith M. White. |                           |



## "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"



Lecture On the Great  
Liberator, by

**RABBI ABRAM  
SIMON**

At Washington Hebrew  
Congregation

Eighth St., Between H and I  
N. W.

**FRIDAY NIGHT, FEB. 13**

HEAR ONE OF WASHINGTON'S MOST GIFTED  
ORATORS DISCUSS ONE OF THE  
WORLD'S GREATEST LEADERS



## CALVARY

On Columbia Road N. W.,  
Between 14th and 15th Streets  
**JAMES SHERA MONTGOMERY,**  
Minister

The Church of the People.  
Free Pews to the Public.

9:30—Calvary Bible School. Mr. Ed-  
win Dice, Superintendent.  
9:30—Calvary Men's Bible Class.  
John R. Poulton, President.  
**DR. ARTHUR C. CHRISTIE, Teacher.**  
11:00—Public worship, with sermon  
by **DR. MONTGOMERY.**  
7:00—Epworth League devotional  
service.  
8:00—Public worship, with patriotic  
address on

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN**  
By **CONGRESSMAN CLYDE KELLY,**  
**OF PENNSYLVANIA.**

Special music by the Calvary Quar-  
tet Choir at both services.



## Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church

Classon Ave. at Monroe St.

Rev. RAYMOND M. HUSTON, D.D., Minister

11:00 A.M.—"Jesus Idea of Greatness, Illustrated by John the Baptist and Abraham Lincoln"

8:00 P.M.

### Mendelssohn Evening

Special Program of Mendelssohn Music by the Choir and  
Assisting Artists, Postponed From January 29  
WE WANT YOU TO FEEL WELCOME!

## Flatbush Presbyterian Church

Foster Avenue, cor East 23d Street

REV. HERBERT H. FIELD, M.A., Minister.

11:00 A.M.—"CHRISTIAN JOY"

8:00 P.M.—"THE SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION OF  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

## Lafayette Ave. Presbyterian Church

Corner South Oxford Street

11:00 A.M.—Dr. CHARLES C. ALBERTSON on

"The Practical Value of Idealism"

7:45 P.M.—The Rev. BASIL DOUGLAS HALL on

"Lincoln's Abiding Greatness"

Bible School, 9:45 A.M.—EUGENE C. ALDER, Superintendent

Tuesday at 10:30—Union Bible Class

Wednesday at 3:30—Week-Day Bible School

## Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church

Clermont and Willoughby Avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. ALBERT EDWARD BEEBE, Pastor

10:30 A.M.—Morning Service

"IN THE HANDS OF GOD."

12:00 M.—Sunday School 7:00 P.M.—Epworth League

7:45 P.M.—Evening Service

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

## LEWIS AVENUE

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Corner Lewis Ave. and Madison St.

ALLISON RAY HEAPS, Minister

11:00 A.M.—"THE ABUNDANT LIFE"

8 P.M.—Musical Program by

BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The Pastor Will Speak on

"THE RELIGION OF LINCOLN"

## Dr. John M. Moore

Preaching

10:30 A.M.

"The Worth of  
a Man"

7:45 P.M.

"Was Lincoln  
a Christian?"

Noted Quartette—

Large Chorus Choir

Miss Helen Washburn, 'Cellist

## Marcy Avenue Baptist Church

Putnam and Marcy Avenues

We Welcome All

Neighbors, Friends and Visitors

Dr. CURTIS LEE LAWS

WILL PREACH AT

## Bedford Heights BAPTIST CHURCH

Bergen St. Above Bedford Av.

10:30 a.m., "Ye Are the Salt of  
the Earth."

7:45 p.m., Patriotic Service, with  
Patriotic Music. Subject:  
"Lessons From the Life Story of  
Abraham Lincoln."

## Nostrand-DeKalb

Nostrand Avenue at Quincy Street

Pastor, H. B. MUNSON

Preaching, 10:45, by the Pastor.

Evening, 7:45, Preaching by

Dr. Kavanagh

"Abraham Lincoln."

Special Music

Southern Four Quartet

## St. Peter's Lutheran

Bedford av, near DeKalb,

10:30 a.m.—English service. Sermon by  
the Rev. J. GEORGE F. BLAESI.

7:45 p.m.—(English) Patriotic Service,  
with address on "ABRAHAM LINCOLN,"  
by the Rev. JOHN J. HEISCHMANN, D.D. †



# CLINTON AVENUE CHURCH

Corner Clinton and Lafayette Avenues

10:00 A.M.—The Church School

11:00 A.M.

Rev. Fritz W. Baldwin

Will Preach. Subject:

**"The Religion of Abraham Lincoln"**

Methodist Episcopal.

SIXTH AVE. M. E. CHURCH

Corner 8th Street.

Rev. Henry Clausen Whitney, Minister

Morning—"The Secret of Piety."

Evening—A Lincoln Anniversary Service.

Thursday, Friday—Entertainment by Men's League.

Saturday—Entertainment by Beta Alpha Sorority.

PARISH HOUSE, 8 p.m. Tickets 50c. †

Methodist Episcopal.

St. John's M. E. Church

Bedford Avenue and Wilson Street

Rev. H. Sargeant Scarborough, Pastor

10:45 A. M.

"FAITH IN GOD AS SOVEREIGN, FATHER AND SAVIOUR OF MEN,"  
Second in Series on "Standing Fast in the Faith."

2:30 P.M.—BIBLE SCHOOL.

7:45 P. M.

SPECIAL LINCOLN PROGRAM

Address by Pastor

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

Musical Program by Choir.

Mid-Week Rally—Wednesday, 8 p.m.

Bible Study, Mission Study and Teaching Training Groups.

## THE BIG



55 HANSON PLACE

**"WHAT WOULD  
LINCOLN  
SAY TO THIS GENERATION"**

**Dr. J. Percival Huget**

Pastor Tompkins Ave. Congregational Church

BAND BROS., Violin and 'Cello

SUNDAY, 3:30 P.M.

Foyer, 5:00 P.M.—Discussion Group—W. G. BOYLE

Central Branch Y.M.C.A. 55 HANSON PLACE

## BEDFORD BRANCH Y. M. C. A.

Bedford Ave. and Monroe St.

MEN'S CONFERENCE

Sunday, 3:00 P.M. Note change of hour

**Dr. WILLIAM CARTER**

Topic:

**"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"**

Concert by

Salvation Army Staff Band  
and the

Gloria Trumpeters



GREATEST MEN'S MEETING IN GREATER NEW YORK



# "The Old First" on the Park Slope

FOUNDED 1654

Seventh Avenue and Carroll Street

Rev. JOHN W. VAN ZANTEN, Minister

11:00 A.M.

"The Paralysis of Partial Faith"

8:00 P.M.

"The Religion of Lincoln"

## St. Marks Methodist Episcopal Church

Ocean Ave. and Beverly Road, Flatbush

ROBERT M. MOORE, D.D., Pastor

11:00 A.M.—Rev. GEORGE ELLIOTT, D.D.,  
Editor of the Methodist Review

"WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN"

8:00 P.M.—Rev. THOMAS BLAKE

9:30 A.M.—Sunday School

7:00 P.M.—The Epworth League

Wednesday, 8:00 P.M.—Mid-Week Prayer Meeting

